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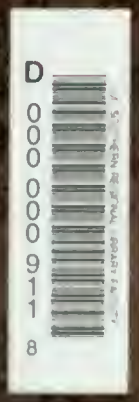

Lloyd

Triumph of genius

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THE

Triumph of Genius,

A

DREAM;

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

The late Mr. Charles Churchill.

BY MR. LLOYD.

Your old Men ſhall ſee Viſions, and your young Men ſhall dream Dreams.

Vivit poſt Funera Virtus.

LONDON:

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THE

TRIUMPH of GENIUS,

A

DREAM.

IN Days of Yore, by Sacred Writ we're told,
That *Jacob*'s Son to *Pharaoh* did unfold
Strange Viſions of the Night, to him reveal'd,
Which from th' *Egyptian* Magi were conceal'd;
How then ſhall Man, with all his boaſted Senſe,
Fathom the deep Deſigns of Providence?
Or why to Reaſon's weak Advice appeal
To judge what Dreams or Viſions may reveal?
This Truth we know that when the active Mind
By Sleep reliev'd, exulting, unconfin'd,

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To diſtant Regions ſtrays, aloft ſhe ſoars
And all Creation's vaſt Expanſe explores,
Sometimes to Heav'n ſhe mounts on ſilver Wings,
And with bright Seraphs Hallelujah ſings;
Sometimes with fallen Angels ſhe laments,
And bound in Chains with them, too late, repents;
Oft times on Earth in ſocial Converſe join'd,
And often on *Elyſium*'s Banks reclin'd,
Of Friends departed views the welcome Train,
Till by the Body call'd to Earth again,
Reluctant ſhe obeys. and ſummon'd back,
At Nature's Call, reſumes her former Track,
Attends the Body in its Cares and Pains,
Till Sleep, return'd again, diſſolves her Chains.

A Pile there ſtands where, hid from vulgar Eye,
Entomb'd the Aſhes of our Heroes lye;
Sacred to thoſe whoſe Actions, when on Earth,
Beſpoke their Owners of ſuperior Worth;
Here *Addiſon*'s and *Gay*'s Remains we find,
With *Shakeſpear*, *Rowe*, and other Bards enſhrin'd

Congreve,

Congreve,, and *Pope*, whoſe keen inſtructive, Page
Was form'd to curb the Vices of the Age.

Scarce had the Night her ſable Mantle drawn,
As late I wander'd penſive and forlorn,
Cloſe by the Spot where *Milton*'s Body lies,
Involuntary Slumber ſeiz'd my Eyes,
And held me bound in deepeſt Reſverie,
'Till by the Morning Clock I counted Three.

During this Interval of ſound Repoſe,
A Form in ſhining Veſt before me roſe,
To me he beckon'd " Follow ſtraight, ſaid he,
Where I conduct, for ſo the Fates decree;
To you 'tis giv'n to Mortals to unfold
Where *Rhadamanthus* does his Councils hold,
Where *Æacus* and *Minos* both accord
To give to real Merit juſt Reward;
Ariſe, ſaid he, and dread not the Event;"
I follow'd, wond'ring what the Viſion meant.

THRO' loneſome Paths I travell'd under Ground,
'Till on *Elyſium*'s Banks myſelf I found ;
And ſaw, ſurpriz'd, upon the other Shore,
Two Souls advancing to be ferry'd o'er ;
The one a Painter *only* great *by Name*,
T'other a Poet of *immortal* Fame ;
The firſt of his Abilities ſo proud,
That with diſdainful Air he call'd aloud
To *Charon* " Here, you Fellow, take me o'er,
A greater Genius never bleſs'd this Shore ;
Haſte at your Peril, here's a Wretch draws nigh,
Had he dy'd firſt, I'd wrote his Elegy,
He boaſts ſuperior Genius, but 'tis known
No one e'er yet had Genius like my own ;
Take me but o'er before this haughty Bard,
And, truſt my Honour, Gold is your Reward."

CHARON, to Menaces and Threats unus'd,
Aſtoniſh'd ſtood, to hear himſelf abus'd,

But

But when the wretched Boaſter he eſpy'd,
' What! is it you he ſcornfully reply'd,
Your Offers I deſpiſe, for know I deem
You, nor your Preſents worthy my Eſteem,
Conſider Man, that where you now are got,
You're not protected by the heav'n-born *Scot*;
To puniſh this your Diſreſpect to me,
I firſt will know what *Minos* ſhall decree,
Whether for Puniſhment to take you o'er
Or leave yon here unburied on the Shore."

Thus *Charon*; when a tall, majeſtic Shade
With Aſpect ſtern *Correggio*'s Ape ſurvey'd;
" Conceited Fool, ſaid he, ſubmit your Cauſe
With me to *Rhadamanthus* and the Laws,
Flatt'ry he hates, to him my Caſe I truſt,
His Laws are wiſe, and his Decrees are juſt;
By him I'm known, much hath he heard of you,
And will beſtow Reward wherever due;
Ere long before the Court our Plea we'll bring,
You as *Correggio*, I as Gotham's King."

Scarce had he ended, when thus *Charon* ſtraight,
" Poet, ſtep in, you Painter, you ſhall wait!
In vain you claim the Title of firſt Oars,
Learn firſt to pay more Def'rence to theſe Shores."

Struck with Amazement at this dire Diſgrace,
The Painter now aſſum'd a *Janus's* Face;
He chang'd his Tone to amend for what was paſt,
And call'd aloud " Stop, *Charon*, why ſo faſt?
I may be able when I get my Due,
To gain, perhaps, a better Place for you
That Fellow with you is at beſt a Drone,
The *Line of Beauty* is to him unknown;
Beſides I've brought ſuch Pieces from above,
As muſt to ev'ry one my Merit prove,
Prithee puſh back thy Boat, and turn him out,
That you'll be recompenc'd you need not doubt."
In vain he call'd, he rais'd his Voice in vain,
No Promiſes would bring him back again;
The Painter ſtorm'd----" Well, ſince it muſt be ſo,
Take you the Poet firſt,---e'en let him go;

But

But be aſſur'd that when I croſs the *Styx*,
On you my firſt Reſentment I ſhall fix ;
Then horribly chagrin'd, he ſaid no more.
Mean while the Boat had reach'd the other Shore.
Now on the Bank unnumber'd Souls appear,
With *Horace*, *Pope*, and *Dryden*, in the Rear
The Stranger each with innate Joy ſurvey'd,
To each, by Turns, a low Obeyſance paid,
Leapt from the Boat, and join'd with ſprightly Air,
Brown the facetious, *Swift* the debonaire.

Still unregarded on the barren Soil,
Stood the mock *Raphael* of *Britannia*'s Iſle,
Stung to the Heart to ſee the ſmall Reſpect
Shewn to his Genius ; but reſolv'd to act
Conſiſtent with the Character he bore
While upon Earth, a gentler Look he wore,
And better with ſuch Treatment to diſpence
Imputed it to *Charon*'s Want of Senſe.

The long expected Wherry now return'd,
And (tho' with ranc'rous Spleen he inward burn'd)

Chearful

Chearful he ſeem'd, and to avoid Diſpute,
Diſcours'd of *Scotland*, and the Earl of *B*---;
Charon more wiſe rejected with a Slight:
The empty Nonſenſe of the crack-brain'd Wight,
" Mortal, ſaid he for once let Reaſon rule,
Nor prove your-ſelf (though thought by all) a Fool;
Conſcious of Merit which you ne'er poſſeſs'd
Let ſelf Conceit no longer guide your Breaſt
Too ſoon you'll find, when on the other Side,
How little you and Genius are ally'd;
For your Behaviour when you firſt came here,
To anſwer you are cited to appear;
Sage *Rhadamanthus* and the Judges all
Expect you now before them in the Hall;
With whom, unleſs your Merit ſhines confeſt
Your Vanity will never ſtand the Teſt
Of Juſtice keen: --- my Time permits no more."
This ſaid, with haſty Strokes he row'd to Shore.

Soon as he reach'd the Banks a Hiſs aroſe,
And Howls, ſad Preſages of future Woes;
No friendly Guide th' affrighted Painter meets
But each with cool Diſdain his Landing greets: Till

Till *Envy*, bawling with *Stentorian* Lungs,
And biting *Malice*, with a thouſand Tongues,
Inſpir'd him with freſh Vigour; on he ruſh'd,
And with new Ardour tow'rds the Palace puſh'd
Of fam'd *Elyſium*, where, in deep Debate,
The Court aſſembled to announce his Fate;
Thither he ſped, attendant on his Side,
His neareſt Friend, and cloſe Companion, *Pride*.
Now had he gain'd the Threſhold of the Hall,
" My Friend, ſaid he to *Pride*, for Silence call;
The meritorious Works I've here to ſhew,
Shall ſoon convince them what to me they owe."
When *Rhadamanthus* thus --- " Mortal forbear
Of your own Works ſuch high Conceit to wear;
We equal to your Merits ſhall decide,
You, for your Advocate, have choſen *Pride*;
Before us therefore now prefer your Plea,
Nor doubt the Equity of our Decree."

PRIDE then with haughty Tone proclaim'd his Worth,
His Genius as a Painter when on Earth;

His *March to Finchley* and his *Beauty's Line*,
Prov'd him unequal'd, and his Works divine;
His *Sigiſmund* ſuch Graces did inherit
Correggio's ſelf muſt own ſuperior Merit;
E'en *Titian* too, and *Angelo* muſt yield
The Palm to him, as Maſter of the Field:
But moſt of all, muſt he who hither came
On the ſame Day, give up his farther Claim;
Vain his Pretenſions to poetic Fame,
His Times, his Gotham, ſcarce deſerve a Name
When weigh'd with *H--g--b*'s Merit, all muſt own
The Prize of Genius is his Due alone.
Thus pleaded *Pride* the Merits of his Cauſe,
Then bow'd, expecting general Applauſe.

When lo! with conſcious Innocence poſſeſs'd,
C------ll ſtood forth, and thus the Judge addreſs'd;
" My Rule has been the Guilty to diſplay
With all their Crimes in Face of open Day;
To paint true Merit in its proper Light,
And do my injur'd King and Country Right.

Vice

Vice might, as in a Glaſs, its Picture ſee,
But Virtue ne'er receiv'd a Stab from me;
No Views of Int'reſt could direct my Pen,
My Satire pointed at the greateſt Men;
In Vice the *greateſt*; them did I defy,
And laid their Deeds before the Public Eye;
To ſkreen the guilty great I Gold deſpis'd,
And patriotic Virtue juſtly priz'd;
H--g--b ſold *P-tt* thro' Views of Gain alone,
For which he never can enough atone;
(*Diana*'s Temple thus a Wretch once fir'd
Who to immortal Infamy aſpir'd)
To clear the Characters he ſully'd o'er
I ſtrove --- But Modeſty forbids me more.
He ſaid --- and *Rhadamanthus* thus decreed;
" Enough, no farther Evidence we need;
Againſt this Boaſter, his Defence is vain
That Genius he has none to me is plain;
The Court diſſolv'd, with Shouts the Palace rings,
And *C-----ll*'s Genius each triumphant ſings.

F I N I S.

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